

Vidette Shoots Again.

Ourroast, S. C., Sept. 4, 1880.

Editors Orangeburg Democrat:

Is that so Picket? Strange that I did not see you there. But then, as I said before, I was not watching you but listening to your racket. It may be that you were not there before I was, notwithstanding you say that you were certainly there before you ever heard a shot from my rifle. It is possible that the crack of my rifle is not become so familiar from continual random shooting as to be readily recognized by you; and telling shots may have left the barrel of my old Enfield, and been attributed by you to others. Be that as it may, I did not thrust myself "into a position which Picket had chosen," nor, "fire a few shots with his (my) eyes shut." In the first place Picket had no right to choose a place. He should have remained where he was stationed by his superiors. Vidette notices, too, that Picket had entrenched himself before he began all that random shooting. Of course he had a right to do that, but may not that fact account for my not discovering your proximity sooner? I thought you were some distance in the rear, your rifle sounded so dead. Vidette understands now that it was because you were so well under ground. Did you know that you were so near to Vidette? If so, then Vidette will have to try again. Did you have a special reason for entrenching yourself behind or near me and then make every effort you could to attract the attention of the enemy to that particular locality? I must confess that this entrenching confession has fearfully shaken my previous convictions that you wanted to win promotion by brilliant conduct. That you wished promotion, I am still satisfied, but think now that "Picket's pet idea" is the old proverb that "everything is fair in love and war." Vidette does not yet change his views so far as to conclude that the furlough business was in Picket's mind, but his ignorance of the plan for obtaining a furlough, and his giving me credit for originating the idea, confirms a previous "diagnosis" of Vidette's—viz., that Picket is a *reputist*. No "old campaigner" would ever say that that idea was new.

How do you reason, Picket? Vidette admits the allegation that he desires popularity, but it must be a strange compound of which the people of "our county" are made, if no one desires to be popular, except for the very selfish purpose of being made an officer. If one prefers not to be an officer must he snub the people, be cross and overbearing, selfish and dictatorial—in short, make himself as disagreeable as possible—to prevent being made one *volens volens*? Have we at last come to "this complexion," that we have no higher nobler motives for desiring to be popular than that of filling some office? Vidette's ambition is directed to a higher and nobler object than that of office, yet he wants to be popular, and when his friends (if they are mistaken in his motive, as Picket seems to think they will be,) seek to put him in office they will be undecieved by the very decided, "thank you gentlemen all the same, but no." So I cannot take your advice on this point, Picket, though you give it freely.

Vidette is not alarmed at the prospect of being left alone on "our own post." In fact if that "entrenched position" of yours is of such vital importance as soon as you get your shoulder-straps you will order some one else to get into it and I will still have a neighbor. Will you be kind enough to instruct him to husband his ammunition?

And now about that battle of the 6th ult. Can Vidette say of Picket, *hosti victoriam eripuit*? Or would the truth be more exactly rendered, were Vidette to say of Picket's competitor, *victoria quodammodo excidit ei e manibus*?

But no matter. It is all the same

to Picket. He did not lose his "scalp" and he appears on the roll of those recommended for promotion than that his scalp escaped "King Phillip's tomahawk. And now Picket what are you going to do about it? You say "I will be there and when commissions are falling around I will see to it that nobody gets mine—if there is one to fall to me." One fell to you, and now I want to see you do some of your best shooting, for I hear that one Abigail Leatherstrap or some other fellow means to try and get it from you. Abigail may be a very clever fellow, but he don't keep the right kind of company to inspire honorable people with that belief. He fellowships too much with the old courthouse rats. I wonder if he thinks that the honest taxpayers of old Orangeburg would ever allow the old "king rat" and his retinue to occupy these places again. If so, what a poor idea of our manhood and pride he has acquired. Anyone can see without spectacles that "Ichabod" is ineffaceably written on their foreheads. But for you to make good your word, Picket, that active, energetic and close work still lies before you; some more voluntary advice—*Be up and at 'em! In hoc signo vinces!*

So "Picket has been casting about to find out what manner of man Vidette is." Well, so long you have been fishing and caught nothing. Need I tell you that you have not yet "cast your net on the right side of the ship." In your own words then, Picket, "try again." Vidette.

Story of a Proverb.

The *Boston Transcript*, answer to a correspondent's query, retells the origin of the rhyming old saw:

"There's many a slip 'Tween the cup and lip."

Some of our subscribers who have studied Greek, may have seen the account in the Greek readers:

A King of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work, prophesied that he should never taste of the wine produced in it. The monarch disregarded the prediction, and when at an entertainment, he held a glassful of his own wine made from the grapes of that vineyard, he sent for the slave and asked him what he thought of his prophecy now. To which the owner replied: "Many things fall out between the cup and the lip," and had scarcely delivered the singular response before the news was brought that a monstrous boar was laying waste the favorite vineyard.

The King, in a rage, put down the cup which he held in his hands, and hurried out with his people to attack the boar; but being too eager, the boar rushed upon him and killed him, without his having tasted of the wine.

Petrification.

Last Friday, while workmen were engaged in removing remains from the old DeSaussure burying ground in Camden to the cemetery, they exhumed the body of a lady that had been petrified. The form was as perfect as when buried, but had become so heavy that it required five men to lift it. The upper portion was as hard as stone, while the lower limbs, though retaining their shape, had a soft, spongy touch, showing that the process of petrification had not been completed. The features, we learn were well preserved. The hair on the head had grown very long and adhered firmly to what was once the scalp. The remains were of a young lady who was drowned in the Mississippi River over thirty years ago and her body was brought to Camden in a zinc-lined coffin for burial. —*Columbia Register*.

A young lady, not accustomed to waltzing at the earnest solicitation of a friend made the attempt recently. When the music ceased another friend approached and said, gayly, "Well, I see you got through all right." "Yes, but it was a tight squeeze," was the reply.

A Noble Habit.

There are persons whom you can always believe, because you know they have the habit of telling the truth. They do not "color" a story or enlarge a bit of news in order to make it sound fine or remarkable. There are others whom you hardly know whether to believe or not, because they "stretch" things so. A trifling incident grows in size, but not in quality, by passing through their mouth. They take a small fact or slender bit of news and pad it with added words, and paint it with high-colored adjectives, until it is largely unreal and gives a false impression. And one does not like to listen to folks when so much must be "allowed for shrinkage." Cultivate this habit of telling the truth in little things as well as in great ones. Picket your words wisely, and use only such as rightly mean what you wish to say. Never stretch a story or fact to make it seem bigger or funnier. Do this, and people will learn to trust and respect you. This will be better than having a name for telling wonderful stories or making foolishly or falsely "funny" remarks. There are enough true funny things happening in the world, and they are most entertaining when told just exactly as they come to pass. One has well said: "Never deceive for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend." Dear young friends, be true. Do the truth. Tell the truth. There are many false tongues. Let yours speak the things that are pure, lovely, true.

What to Teach Girls.

To darn stockings and sew on buttons.

To say no, and mean it, or yes, and stick to it.

To keep a house in neat order, with everything in its place.

To have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

To teach them to regard the morals and not the money of their beaux.

That the more one lives within one's income, the more one will save.

That tight lacing ought to be prevented by law, as opium smoking is in China.

That the further one gets beyond one's income, the nearer one gets to the poor-house.

That a reliable young man with good business qualities is worth a dozen loafers in fine harness.

Teach them every day some item of dry, hard, practical common sense, and they will find time for idealisms.

That any amount of tight lacing and pinching of corsets cannot improve a form that the Almighty made in his image.

Give them, if possible, a good substantial education, and as many of the accomplishments as you can afford, but never neglect their home training.

Republican Frauds.

The city campaign committee of the Democratic party in Philadelphia have notified the assessors and United States supervisors of elections that, under the authority of the committee, a careful and accurate canvass of the legal voters of each division of Philadelphia has been made, the result of which compared with the names now on the assessor's lists, shows that over 18,000 legal voters have been intentionally dropped from the lists by the assessors, and illegal, fraudulent and fictitious names to the number of 41,877, added thereto. The committee gives notice that unless the assessor's lists are immediately purged of all the illegal, fraudulent and fictitious names contained therein, and the names of all legal voters added thereto, criminal proceedings will be commenced against the assessor's during the present week.

Dr. Paul, of Philadelphia, advertised himself as "the world-renowned wizzard of human destiny," and offered to conduct the love and marriage affairs of others; but he seems to have mismanaged his own, for he is now in jail for bigamy.

Woman's Patience.

I suppose Job's patience was wonderful for a man; but it was nothing to that of woman. What would Job have done had he been compelled to sit in the house and sew and knit, and nurse the children and see that hundreds of different things were attended to during the day, and hear children cry, and fret, and complain? Or how would he have stood it if, like some poor woman, he had been obliged to rear a family of ten or twelve children without any help, spending months, years—all the prime of life—in washing, scouring, scrubbing, mending, cooking, and nursing children; fastened to the house and his offspring from morning till night, and from night till morning; sick or well, in storm or sunshine, his nights often rendered miserable by watching over his children? How could he have stood all this, and in addition to all other troubles the curses and even violence of a drunken companion? He would soon have tired of unrequited labor and undeserved blame. For after all, though Job endured his sorrows and losses very well for a short time, they did not endure long enough to test the strength of his patience. Woman tests her patience by whole life of trials, and she does not grumble at her burdens. We are honestly of the opinion that women have more patience than Job; and instead of saying, "The patience of Job," we should say; "the patience of women," —*Exchange*.

A Quickened Conscience.

The following extract from a private letter we take the liberty of publishing, in the hope that the worthy example of our friend may be generally followed by subscribers as are in arrears to *The People*: "Enclosed find my dues to *The People* to date for subscription. Your paper has been coming to me, a welcome visitor for three years, and, till now, I have never paid you a cent. It is true that you have never dunned me—and therein you may have been in fault—but just this minute it occurred to me that it would be sad if occasionally a man could not be found who is willing to pay his just debts without being importuned. Feeling so I here-with hand you what rightfully belongs to you, with the sincere hope that many others may do likewise—thus causing the heart of the forlorn bachelor editor to be made glad." —*Barnwell People*.

Died for Love.

A Constantinople lad fifteen years old, destroyed himself for the love of a girl eleven years old, who, not quitting his love, told him pettishly that he might kill himself, perhaps after he had threatened to do so. He took a dose of cyanide of potassium and lay down in front of the girl's father's house, having previously addressed to her the following note: "My Dear Rosa: I will have, by the time you get this letter, faithfully obeyed your command by killing myself. You have me. I loved you. I still remain yours, W. H. Brace." Poor lad! Unsympathetic and world-hardened old fellows laugh at what they sometimes call "calf love." But early love is a very serious thing to some young and poetically sensitive natures. Dante, we read, loved when he was only nine years old, and Burns and Byron were almost as precociously inflammable.

The papers are publishing long accounts of the real circumstances of the killing of the two colored men whose bodies were found in Little River, Laurens County, some weeks since. As previously stated in *The Daily News*, the two were known to have attempted a foul outrage upon a highly respectable lady of the neighborhood, and were quietly put out of the way by her relatives. They are charged with several similar attempts upon both white and colored females, and their fate seems to have been a source of joy to every head of a family of both colors that knew them. —*Greenville News*.

A Radical Outrage.

Among the colored men who donned the red shirt and fell into line in the Democratic rally yesterday was one Frank Williams, of Winnsboro, who came down with the club from that town. After the parade had been dismissed Williams took occasion to visit an acquaintance who lives somewhere below the State House. As he was returning on his way up town, and whilst in the neighborhood of Griffin's store, he was suddenly and rudely confronted by three negro men, who, after taunting him in an innocent manner in regard to his affiliation with the Democrats closed in upon him and beat him in a most shocking and brutal manner. One of the party he says, used a knife, with which he administered to him a severe cut, just beneath the chin. Both of his eyes are almost closed, and his face is otherwise badly bruised. No arrests have been made, as the ruffians were entire strangers to their victim at the time of the outrage no policeman was in sight. His wounds were attended to by a physician. We are informed by a gentleman from Winnsboro that Williams is an honest, hard-working and inoffensive person, and hence a good reputation in the community in which he lives. —*Columbia Register*.

Hard on Editors.

Gen. Haskell, of the Salvation Army, entertained a large crowd on S. St. Louis street corner the other day. He told them that he was formerly a circus man and a good card-player. He said that over in East St. Louis, the Army had a camp where fed the hungry. He didn't care who came—if he was right out of the penitentiary and was hungry he should have something to eat. It was no use talking religion to a hungry man. First fill his stomach. You could never convert a hungry man. There had never been an instance of it on earth. Of the different political parties, he said that there were good men in each party, good men in the Democratic party as well as in the Republican. More than that, there were good men who were editors, and up to Casey County, Ia., George W. Ashton, editor of the *Clarion*, had been converted to God, the first instance in the history of Christianity.

All Gone.

There are no more "Misters," all gone glimmering the way of transitory things. A contemporary regretfully depicts the demise from its midst of the good, honest, old-fashioned soul, and says he's nearly all gone now; once in a while you may see him, but very seldom. He doesn't amount to much any more. He's got to be too common, and as the old-fashioned and comparatively honest rat was superseded by the high-toned and mischievous Norway, so is "Mr." now superseded by "Col." and "Hon." We meet "Mr." very, very seldom on the streets, and in only tolerably high toned assemblages is he to be seen at all. But there you will find "Col." also, and no matter where, in the paper or out of it, he's always prouder than a peacock that hasn't seen his feet for five minutes. "Col." is. We want to be a "Col." too.

The Razor Claim.

When the tide is out, one may find the razor fish, so called because the shell resembles the handle of a razor. If laid hold of suddenly, the chances are that before he can be drawn out he will slip out of his shell, leaving that empty in the hand, while, the "soul and essence" of him has gone down half a fathom into the sand. Yet he is not more slippery than many an individual, who, when pressed to do some magnanimous deed in behalf of the community, slips out of his shell, and, losing the grip, you can no more find the soul and essence of him than you can find the soul of this razor fish, which has gone deep into the muck and sand. In either instance, the empty shell is the only sign of the things wanted.

A Utah Tragedy.

A fatal shooting affray occurred on the Utah Southern train on Thursday. Dr. B. C. Snedeker, formerly of Lexington, Ky., and a Scotchman named R. J. Smith, engaged chiefly in mining, had a quarrel. Dr. Snedeker had attended professionally the daughter of Daniel Davidson, another of whose daughters Smith was married. Davidson became suspicious of something wrong between his daughter and Snedeker. Snedeker was about to leave town with his brother to let the matter blow over, and had taken his seat in the car when Smith who was on his way to Bingham Mines, came in the forward end of the car, and as he approached, Snedeker arose and shot him through the stomach. Smith fell in the aisle and the people rushed from the car. A policeman entered and dismissed Snedeker, and was leaving him out of the rear of the car under arrest when Smith, who was supposed to be dead or dying, rose, drew a revolver, and shot Snedeker twice in the back, killing him instantly. Since he was shot Smith has made a will, leaving all his property to Davidson.

A dispatch last night says that Smith died last night. He made no statement as to the double tragedy. Snedeker's friends say nothing improper ever passed between him and Mr. Davidson. The latter is half-demented over the tragedy, and is inaccessible to reporters. Both men being dead, probably nothing will ever be certainly known about the real cause of the quarrel.

How to Make Meat Tender.

If the fact can be demonstrated to a cook that tough meat can be made tender by softening the fibres with the action of a little vinegar, there will be no reason why she should hereafter send tough steak to the table. If she can be convinced that it is better to turn it over on a plate containing a little vinegar, salad oil and pepper, four or five times in a couple of hours, instead of trying to make it tender by battering it with a rolling pin or cleaver, and so forcing out all of its juices, she must be obstinate indeed if she prefers the latter method, and the sooner her services are dispensed with the better for the temper and stomach of her employer.

Admiration.

Every man of sense and refinement admires a woman as a woman; but when she steps out of this character, a thousand things that in their appropriate sphere would be admired become disgusting and offensive. The appropriate character of a woman demands the delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty in feeling and action, a shrinking from notoriety and public gaze, aversion to all that is coarse and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity either in principle or action. These are the traits which are admired and sought for in a woman.

A couple of disbelievers in spiritualism attended a seance in San Francisco, last week, and after the materialized spirit of an Indian maiden named Star Eye had given one of them a lot of glucose "from his dead sister," though he never had a sister, he slipped a policeman's nippers on the wrist of the "spirit" and held her till his friends turned up the gas. The spirit proved to be the wife of the medium. The medium then appeared with a materialized club, and wafted the man over the head with the subtle influence, cutting a hole in his scalp, and the two barely escaped with their lives. The "manifestations" were very "strong" during the evening, all the conditions being highly favorable for a row.

A Little Rock dispatch says: "Indications are that at the election for all State and County officers and members of the Legislature the Democrats have carried the election by the usual majority. The election was very quiet and peaceable."